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# GUIDE

TO THE

# MUMBLES

AND

# ADJACENT BAYS;

CONTAINING

A GRAPHIC AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF THE MANY

BEAUTIES OF THAT ROMANTIC LOCALITY;

*Illustrated with Six Steel Engravings.*

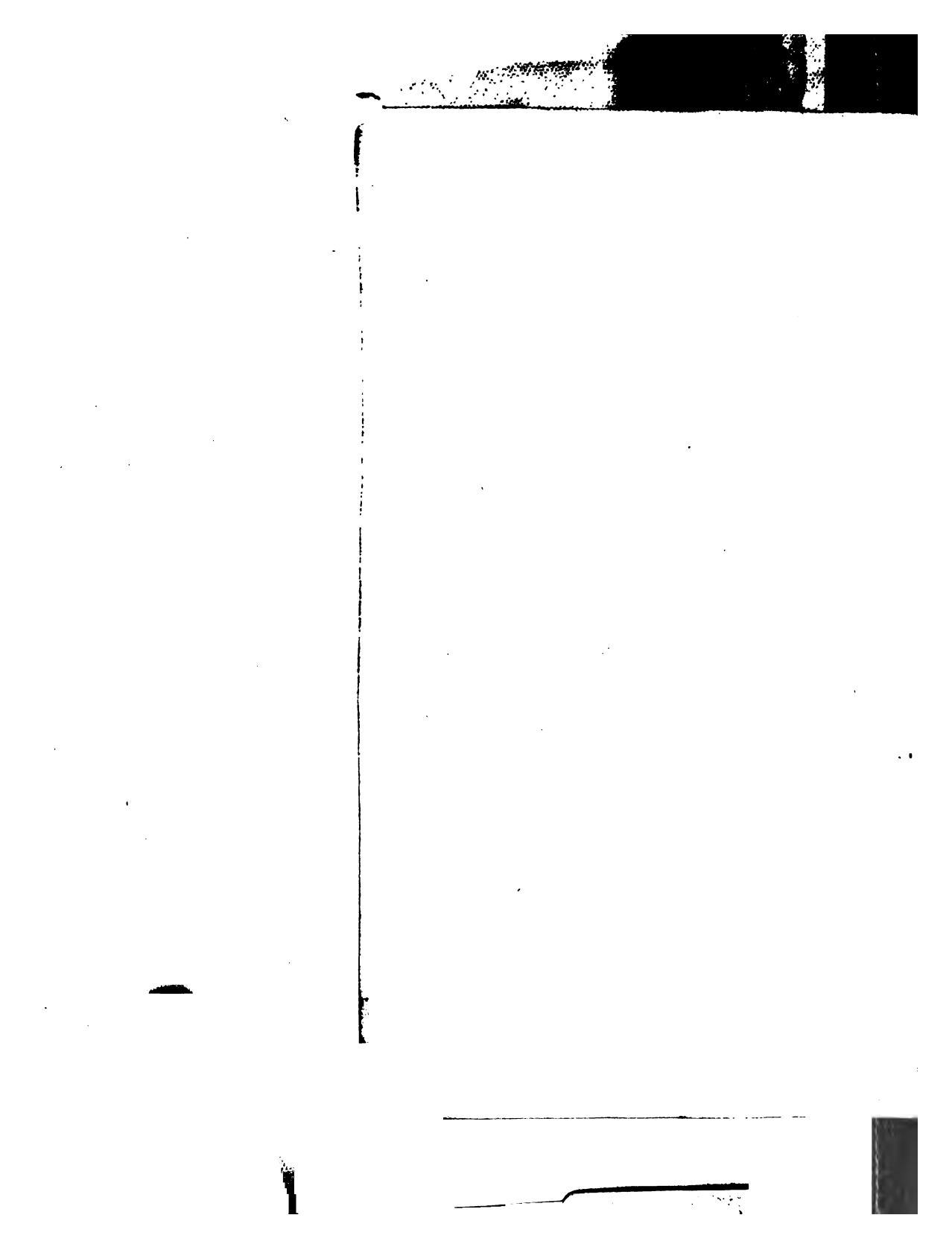
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SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED,
WITH ADDITIONS.

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SWANSEA:
PUBLISHED BY PEARSE & BROWN, 22, WIND-STREET.
1863.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.







Pystermouth Castle & Village

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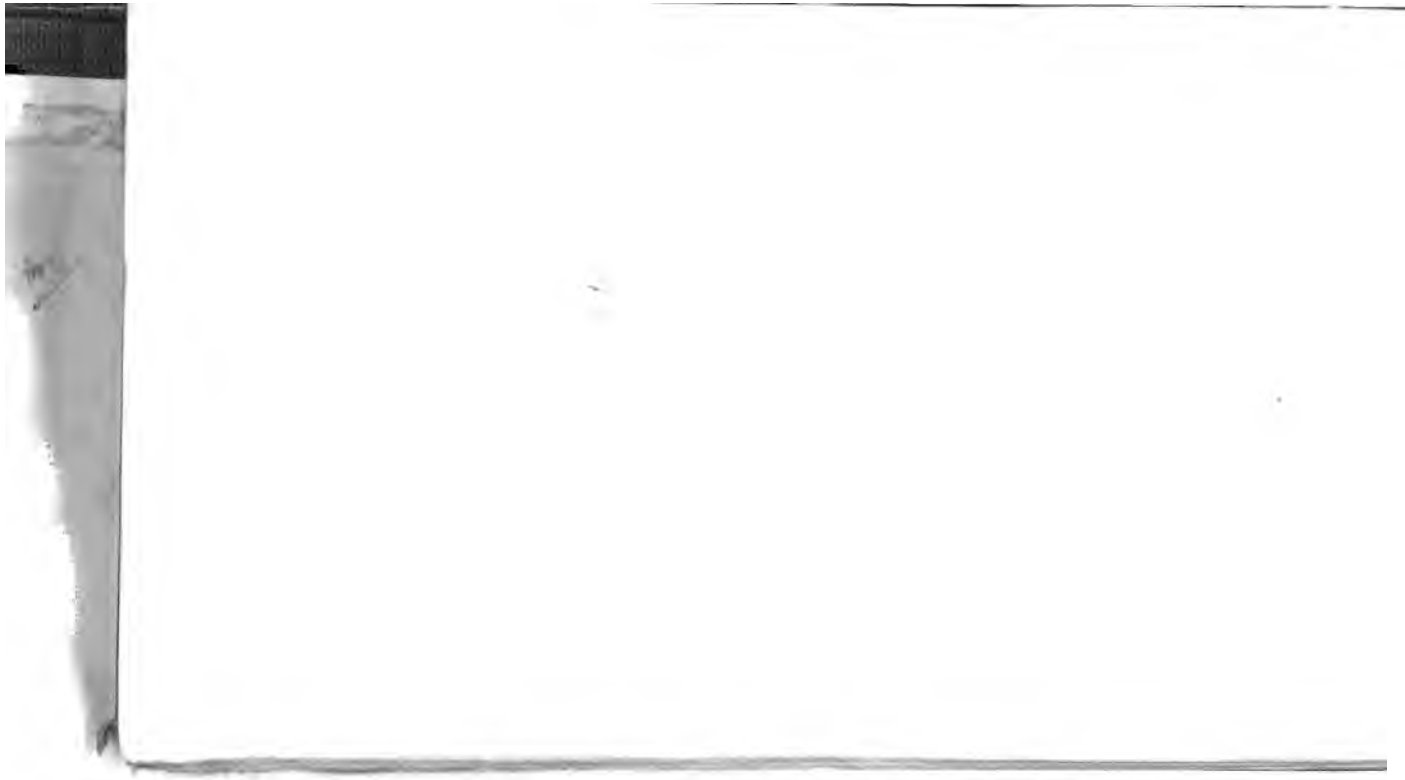
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## PREFACE.

THE object of the Publishers in the following pages is to present, in a popular and interesting form, an account of the Mumbles and adjacent Bays, divested of the more cumbrous information necessarily belonging to a description of Swansea and the neighbourhood. In this new Edition, besides various minor corrections, important alterations have been made in the arrangement of the matter, which it is hoped will make it more acceptable to the general reader.

Swansea,
December, 1862.



# THE MUMBLES

## AND ADJACENT BAYS.

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THROW off the dark chains
Of toil and of care,
And come where the sunlight
Makes holy the air;
Where blue bounding billows
In ecstacy swell;
And bright things of beauty
Their sweet stories tell.

THE only thing about the Mumbles that is not picturesque, is its name: but the fallacy of measuring the beauty of a locality by the unpoetic appellation which characterises it, will never be more aptly illustrated than by paying a visit to this delicious retreat, any day when the sun is aloft and the Summer has invested it with attractions that cannot but prove irresistible. There is little in the place itself that would strike the unimaginative visitor as possessing anything very remarkable. A scanty population, who realize a fair subsistence by dredging oysters for the metropolitan and other markets: a few houses, modest enough in their way, that nestle beneath gigantic rocks, which seem to watch over the little bantlings of bricks and mortar as tenderly as it is in the power of things so frowning and so formidable to do: some detached villas, pleasantly situated summer residences, hotels, lodging-houses, and village shops: a lighthouse, that might very well be taken in the

day-time for the pepper-castor of Neptune, but which, through the dark nights, glares with an eternal eye, with never a wink, let the wind howl wildly, or the rain pelt pitilessly, or the surge, angered at such staring impertinence, dash its mightiest against the one-eyed object of its special vindictiveness: the ruins of a once majestic old castle, clad in a respectable mantle of ivy, perched on a lonely mound, and seeming to consider it a duty to look as aristocratic and exclusive as possible, as all your ruins do that have seen better days: an antiquated church, which, previous to its recent restoration and enlargement, had grown very grey in the service, and seemed to be gliding slowly to the grave with that calm and humble dignity which ever accompanies the knowledge of having done your duty through life: a shingly beach, which, at low water, serves for the lolling-point of the fleet of the oyster-dredger, and, at high water, for the play-ground of the incoming waters. These are things which fall upon the notice of the visitor as he approaches the Mumbles village at low level.

But let him tempt the breezy elevation of the hill, that rears its independent front far above him like a mighty mammoth on the watch. As he slowly ascends, he will find himself surrounded by a belt of beauties that grows into more elaborate proportions as he mounts higher and higher. He will behold, from north to south, the bright, blue, glorious, dancing sea, in all the magnificence of sunshine and mirth, playing with the tiny craft that lie upon its bosom like infants asleep: he will just catch the lazy laugh of the waves, as they break upon the rocks below in romping ecstacy: he will embrace with his eye the artistic fringe of houses and vegetation that links the Mumbles with the not very far distant town of Swansea, and drink in the glories of perspective

and graceful flow: while, before him, will just be discernible the line of the Devonshire coast, that recedes into dim and dreamy distance, and carries him away in imagination from the lofty altitude at which, breathless and bewildered, he has now arrived.

Such will be the several views presented to the visitor—first, on his arrival at the Mumbles at low level; and subsequently on his tempting the rugged eminence, that seems to lift him into another atmosphere and another state of being, But there are some delicious little retired nooks of beauty that lie hidden from view, and, like everything that is retiring and beautiful, require indefatigable exploration to find them out, always amply repaying for the trouble expended. So, after our visitor has been introduced to the objects of principal interest at the Mumbles, we will proceed to give him some picturesque peeps into the neighbourhood.

## OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE.

The majestic ruin of Oystermouth Castle presents itself on the brow of an eminence with broken cliffs of lime-stone quarries in the back ground. The remains exhibit a fine example of Gothic medieval military architecture, and are in an excellent state of preservation. Its general figure is multangular, the chief break being on the south side, where the entrance gate projects. The Chapel, which is highly interesting, is in an upper story at the north-east end, and contains some frescoes. The early history of the Castle is shrouded in mystery. Its foundation is ascribed to the conqueror of Gower, Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, who is also said to have been the founder of Swansea Castle, in the reign of Henry I. A subterranean passage between the two Castles is said to have at one time existed, but no traces of it

have ever been found. By one of the Lords of Gower, the Castle and lands adjoining were made over to the Crown. King John gave them to the Breoses Lords of Brecon, from them they came by marriage to the noble family of De Mowbrey; from them to the Herberts; and, by marriage of an heiress, to the family of the Somersets, in which they are now vested, in the person of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort. It is said, though the authority is more than vague, that Oliver Cromwell marched part of his army across the isthmus, from Oystermouth in a line with Penclawdd, where he forded the river on his way to Kidwelly Castle. In Oystermouth Castle, the Chancery for the Seigniory of Gower was held in the reign of Edward II, the Seigniory being held under the Crown. For a long period it was the proud baronial residence of the Lords of Gower. In 1843, the late Duke of Beaufort was induced by Mr. Geo. G. Francis of Swansea, to expend a sum of money in the repair and sustentation of this fine old relic of antiquity; and what might otherwise have been permitted to pass silently away, is now preserved to the locality as not the least of its many features of attractiveness. The ruin is well worth a visit, both from its completeness and the historical associations connected with it.

An old man named John Balsdon* will be found in charge, having held that distinguished post for twenty-three years, as he will tell the visitor among other things. The old guide seems to take delight in his office, and the description he gives of the ruin is somewhat quaint and decidedly original. "This, gentlemen," says he, "is the well that used to supply the Castle with water, it is twenty feet deep, and almost as many wide. It's now filled up, as you see That door-way, where the people of the Castle used

* Since the above was written, the old man is dead.

to come to fetch the water, was stopped up to keep Oliver out, but the stones was pulled away and that iron gate put there. This is the principal entrance. A new portcullis was put up fourteen years ago, but it's very different to the one that used to be there in the olden time. *That* used to be let up and down when people wanted to come in and go out: but *this*, as you see, is a fixture. But it's a matter of little consequence, for the Castle is no use for war now, and people can come in, and go out, without being molested, which is a great thing. This is the Castle Green, or Court Yard I suppose it was called: and them windows and doors there was all stopped up to keep Oliver out. They call the room that them windows belong to, a parlour: but they wasn't parlours in the olden time—they was all drawing-rooms, and that was the drawing-room. Come along up here, gentlemen. We are now over the principal entrance—over the great entrance door, on the south-east side. I mind when there was a place here at one time for pulling the portcullis up and down: but it's gone now, because, d'ye see, the portcullis is a fixture, and don't want pulling up nor down. Here's where they melted the lead to pour on to the heads of the enemy underneath, because, you see, they couldn't shoot bows and arrows straight down the same as they do guns now-a-days. There, now come along up these steps. There's fifty-four steps from the bottom to the top. We are now on the top of the watch tower, where the look-out was kept for the enemy. Aint the scenery beautiful? That window is the window of the eastern end of the chapel. Gentlemen who know all about such things admire it very much: they say it's in an excellent state of preservation, and talk a good deal about it. There: look over there: that's Colt's Hill. That's where Oliver Cromwell placed his cannon, and, by doing so, he commanded

the western side of the Castle, which he battered in in one day and a half, and they was obliged to surrender to him. They couldn't keep him out, you see: he would come in. We'll now go down again. There: this is the kitchen: the next story is the best bed-rooms as was: and the top story is the Chapel as was. The flooring is all dropped away. There, you see, is the font sticking in the wall, where the holy water was kept: and that place there is the confessional. You may see the painting that was in the confessional—something like a man's face: look: you may just see his eyes. That's the eastern window as I spoke about before, which the gentlemen very much admire: and look at the fancy work round the other windows. We'll now go up-stairs again. There's sixty-two steps up here—sixty-two to the top: and now we're at the top. Look round, gentlemen, it's very pretty; and the view is very much admired. Come along: there: down these steps: there: these steps was made to get at it. We are now in the dungeon, or keep, where the enemy was put as was catched. That square hole at the top is where the provisions was put down to the prisoners; and them little port-holes was all the light they got, poor things! It's about twenty feet wide and about thirty feet long, and would hold a few prisoners: and the walls, you see, is eight or ten feet thick, so that when the enemy once got inside there wasn't much chance of 'em getting out again. Come along, gentlemen. We are now going along the dark stair-case. There: that's a natural curiosity. Look at this mark in the mortar of this port-hole: it's the print of a dog's foot. See how clear and distinct it is! as though the dog had jumped up to look out and put his paw on the soft mortar and left it there. That mark, gentlemen, is as old as the Castle itself. The mortar is the same as that which the Castle is built of: and I mind, twenty

years ago, a man saying that he remembered the mark there thirty year before. It's as old as the Castle itself, and will stand as long as the Castle does. Come along. This is another dark dungeon: and them's the whipping posts! In former times, you know, they didn't altogether kill people for being enemies, but used to catch 'em and tie 'em to these whipping posts and flog 'em to death. This is the guard-room: and this is another whipping post. You see, they used to practice bow and arrows here; and when the guards didn't do their work well, they used to tie 'em up to the whipping post and flog 'em. This place is said to be haunted: and it's very strange, but the women as come here stick pins in the post to keep the ghosts away from them. See: here's one pin, and here's another: and another: and there's lots on the floor, for when the women try to stick 'em into the hard mortar, and they can't, and they fall down, they dardn't pick 'em up again for fear of the ghosts. There's sometimes twenty pins in the post at one time! Of course, its only the women who stick the pins here. No man would ever be so simple, but women being the weaker vessel, you know, are afraid of the ghosts, and do it. I mind when some boys frightened another boy here, so that he ran away, and jumped over a parapet twenty feet, and wasn't well for twelve months after! A young man brought his sweetheart here once: she hadn't a pin, and he told her if she didn't stick something there the ghosts would haunt her. She stuck her brooch there, and after she was gone her sweetheart came back, fetched the brooch, and sold it. That wasn't right, was it? It was very mean!"————and so the old man goes on, giving his own description in his own peculiar way, and in a manner that will be found interesting and amusing, if *not historically* instructive. The visitor will be surprised at the

extent of the ruin, as well as pleased at the very excellent state of preservation in which it is kept. Some delightful picturesque peeps may be obtained from the ramparts and towers, the whole forming one of the attractions of the place, which the visitor must not fail to thoroughly explore.

## THE PARISH CHURCH.*

The Church of All Saints, previous to its enlargement and restoration, was a quaint relic of antiquity, and formed one of the old-world attractions of Oystermouth, replete with interest to the antiquary, though little has yet been gleaned of its early history. The building was of the Gothic style of architecture, with a square belfrey-tower of large dimensions, surmounted with battlements, the whole indicating a Norman origin. These towers are generally found in the south and south-east portions of this peninsula. A single aisle ran from it on the south-east side. There were two galleries in the interior, one having stairs leading up from the exterior, the other accessible through the aisle. The floor of the pews was not boarded; and the whole building seemed to have fallen into a state of decay. Steps were at length taken with the view to its restoration and enlargement, and the work was completed by August, 1860, when the structure, considerably enlarged and improved, was opened. The original building possessed pew accommodation for 400 persons only, while, in the renewed structure, 1000 may be comfortably seated. A new aisle was added, together with a gallery capable of holding ninety persons, at the north-west end. The alterations and additions, from plans by Mr. R. Kyrke Penson, architect, cost about

* Photographs of the old building, as well as the new, taken by Mr. Gulliver, of Swansea, may by purchased in the village.

£2,200. Many interesting relics of the old Church, with a display of good taste on the part of the officiating clergyman, were, by that gentleman's instructions, incorporated with the new building, to remind the Present of the Past, and to hand down to the Future the memory of things which may otherwise have been forgotten. Some idea of the antiquity of the original structure may be gleaned from a stone font that will be found fixed in the north-west entrance. This font, one of the earliest in the diocese, is ponderous and bulky, being a pure specimen of the Norman period of architecture. On one side of the font, in the interior, is carved, in rude characters, the following: "R. T., 1251;" but the meaning of these letters is not known. A pillar-piscina, used in the early period of the Church, was discovered outside the old building, restored by Mr. Francis, and is now fixed just inside the rail of the communion, on the north-east side of the chancel. The architectural character of this relic is also true Norman; and there are not half-a-dozen of a similar kind preserved in Great Britain. It stands about two feet high; the font previously alluded to being about three feet. An ancient carved aspersorium, formerly used for containing holy water, is fixed in the wall on the west side of the north porch, the style of which indicates the antiquity of the original building. A Norman arch was also found in pulling down the wall which divides the nave from the tower. Several pieces of Roman tesselated pavement, enamelled and encaustic tiles, which formed portions of the pavement of the old structure, are inlaid in various parts of the chancel, with the view of preservation: and other valuable relics are still preserved in various parts of the building. The Rev. Samuel Davies, Rural Dean of the district, is officiating clergyman, having held that office for a period of thirty-five years; and it is to that

gentleman's exertions that Oystermouth is mainly indebted for the improved Parish Church which it now possesses. The New building is in the early Gothic style of architecture, admirable in design and commodious in construction, the only portions of the old structure which have been retained being the tower, some of the windows, and a portion of the south-west side; but the whole is in strict accordance with the architectural character of the ancient edifice. The churchyard contains a tomb to the memory of the late Thomas Bowdler, Esq., of Rhydings, author of the Family Shakspeare, and of a purified edition of Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire. There are several interesting tablets, the whole of which, during the alterations in the Church, were carefully preserved, and restored to their original positions. The parish contains about 4,000 acres. The tithes and advowson originally belonged to the Warden of the Hospital of St. David, at Swansea, by endowment from a Bishop of St. David's, in the reign of Edward III: but at the dissolution in the reign of Edward VI, they were sold and fell into lay hands.*

## DISSENTING PLACES OF WORSHIP.

There are five Places of Worship belonging to various Dissenting denominations, namely:—the Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Wesleyan Free Church, Baptists, and Welsh Independents. In connection with the Wesleyan Methodists, the ministers are various: Primitive Methodists, also various: Wesleyan Free Church, Mr. Wm. Clement: Baptists, the Rev. J. Pugh: Welsh Independents, the Rev. J. M. Evans.

* The original Deeds were printed by Mr. Grant Francis, F.S.A., in the Royal Institution Report, for the year 1845.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The National School-room in connection with the Established Church was built in 1856, and accommodates about seventy boys and thirty-six girls. The building was erected by voluntary contributions, and the School is supported by the same means. The master is Mr. R. M. Bennett, who has filled the office thirty years. The School-mistress is his neice, Miss Catherine Bennett.

The British School, supported also by voluntary contributions, chiefly amongst the Dissenters, will comfortably accommodate 120 pupils. The school is ably conducted by Mr. J. Orrin. The sewing department is conducted by Mrs. Davis. A local committee of ladies and gentlemen attend monthly to transact the business.

## THE BATTERY.

For the better protection of this part of the coast a Battery has recently been erected by the Government. It is a horse-shoe Battery, arranged for five guns of the largest calibre: 68's of the old pattern, or 98's of the Armstrong ordnance. Two of the pieces are placed beneath, under cover, and three above, with a sweep from the Mumbles Head commanding a line from the Mixon round the open into Swansea Bay. All the modern appliances have been adopted: a residence for three gunners, with ample stores of every kind. The whole is built with best limestone and concrete of the most enduring nature, having been erected under the superintendence of an officer of the Royal Engineers. The foundations are laid in the solid rock at the foot of the lighthouse, skirting and surrounding it, in fact, on the southern side. It was completed in the year, 1860, at a cost to the War Department of £10,000. The Battery has been erected

for the better protection of the Mumbles Roadstead and shipping, having been obtained for the locality by the exertions of Mr. G. G. Francis. This is not the first Battery that has been placed on the Mumbles, for it appears from Donovan, who published an account of South Wales in 1804, that there was a small Battery in existence at that time, of four eighteen-pounders, mounted on the hill, and commanding this side of the Channel. In ancient times there was also a four-gun Battery on the sea shore, at Duns, near the Elms Hotel. There is every probability of still further permanent defences for this part of the coast being constructed on the sea embankment of the South Docks at Swansea, and on the eastern pier of the Harbour, the Government having obtained grants of sites in these localities.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The Mumbles Light is under the control of the Swansea Harbour Trustees, who, as conservators of the maritime interests of the port and harbour, maintain it free of cost to the shipping. It consists of one large lantern, 258 feet above the sea: is lighted from sunset to sunrise: and exhibits a fixed white light, which, in clear weather, is distinctly visible from eighteen to twenty miles distance. The lantern is a dioptric light, by Williams, of Long Acre, London, and, as already stated, may be seen plainly from the hills behind Ilfracombe, on the Devonshire coast. When first erected, coal fires were burnt on this Tower.*

* By the 31st Geo. III, in the year 1790, it was enacted, that the Trustees may erect a Pier and a sufficient Building for the keeping of a coal or other Light at or near the Mumbles; such Light to be kept constantly burning, from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise.

## BOB'S COVE.

At the base of the Lighthouse, on the southern side, is an extensive cave, locally famous by the title of "Bob's Cove," though, from whence it derived this appellation, not even that mythical individual, the "oldest inhabitant," has ever been made aware. Legendary lore, however, is aptly at hand for the occasion. Gossips will be found who tell how a certain smuggler, black-whiskered and ferocious, as all smugglers are represented, had by his lawless associates, been nick-named "Black Bob." This man—a perfect pest and terror to the neighbourhood—made the cove in question his hiding-place, from whence he and his daring crew made successful voyages in their illicit trade, and always evaded the lynx-eyes of the Revenue Runners. He was considered by the superstitious to bear a charmed life, for Bob and his companions, when pursued, if they could only reach the vicinity of the Mumbles, would seem to melt away into thin air. Their hiding-place remained a profound secret for years, till the perfidy of one of the smuggling band led the Revenue Officers in the proper direction. A terrific conflict ensued, faintly represented now-a-days in the melodrame. Bob was shot in the struggle, as were also several of his companions; the others being taken alive, paid the penalty of their offence in the usual way. From that day the cave, as is averred, has maintained its present title. It is accessible when the tide is out, and is much frequented. The superstitious even go so far as to say that the ghost of the black-whiskered smuggler is seen occasionally in the neighbourhood: but of this stretch of the imagination the writer will not vouch the correctness. He does not believe in ghosts.

## TRADE AND RESOURCES OF THE MUMBLES.

The staple commerce in connection with the Mumbles is oyster dredging, large numbers of oysters being caught in the immediate locality, and forwarded for consumption to all parts of the kingdom. The shell-fish thus caught are considered a great delicacy, being peculiarly rich in flavour. The oyster season commences on the 1st of September, and ends on the 31st of April, the fish being in season only during those months in which, in spelling, there is the letter "r," May, June, July, and August, being minus that magic letter, an important consideration for the unfortunate fish, which otherwise might soon become extinct. Many oysters are caught within a couple of miles of the Mumbles Head; but the enterprising fisherman includes in his arduous avocation a distance of some twenty miles. The oyster dredging gives employment, during the season, to upwards of 250 hands. There are between fifty and sixty skiffs and boats used in this fishery, the crews of which go out to sea, dredge for the oysters, and return with them, placing the fish upon the beach till required for use, the oysters being kept in a proper state by the flow of the tide over them. The average price of the oysters, as sold by the dredgers, is 9s. per thousand. They are re-sold in England at prices ranging from 6d. to 8d. per score, or 2s. 6d. per hundred. A thousand oysters, therefore, which cost, from the fisherman, 9s., realize 25s. to the retailer. At the inauguration of the oyster season, a sort of local festival is observed among the fishermen at the Mumbles. It is called "Oyster Fair," or, more generally, "Bread-and-Cheese Fair," the latter appellation being given from the fact that, on the opening day—namely, the 1st of September, the

whole of the dredgers are plentifully supplied, gratuitously, with bread-and-cheese and beer. This has been the annual custom for years. There is another delicacy peculiar to the locality—namely, pickled oysters. The oysters are stewed and pickled, and placed in jars, large quantities being taken away during the summer season by visitors, or sent away as appropriate souvenirs of the neighbourhood in which the fish are caught.

In addition to the oyster fisheries, a considerable trade is done in the exportation of lime-stone; large quantities of which are shipped from the Mumbles. The price of the lime-stone averages from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per ton, being put on board for that sum. This stone is susceptible of a fine polish, and forms a very prettily veined brown marble; it is used in the manufacture of mantel pieces, specimens of which may be seen at the well-known Marble and Stone Works of Messrs. Rogers and Son, Swansea. Some years since a quantity of human bones were discovered in the quarries, their origin was unknown.

A vein of hematite iron ore has been successfully worked for some time by a small company, and quantities of the mineral are raised and shipped for the manufacture of iron.

There are private scholastic establishments at the Mumbles: Thistleboon House, an academy for boys, conducted by Mr. J. R. D. Colston, is healthfully situated on the top of the hill, with an extensive view of Gower, and Swansea and Carmarthen Bays; and ladies' seminaries, conducted by the Misses Thomas, the Misses Phipps, and Miss Harris, in various parts of the village.

A small but select and well-supplied circulating library has been established, and various shops, where local views, fancy goods, toys, stationery, and souvenirs of the neighbourhood, may be had in variety.

There are some comfortable hotels and inns, and a number of lodging-houses, for the accommodation of the numerous visitors who flock to the Mumbles during the summer months. Among them are: the Mermaid Hotel, conducted by Mr. Knight; the Elms, by Mrs. Viner, of the Mackworth Arms Hotel, Swansea; the Ship and Castle, by the Misses Phillips; the George, and other Inns of a respectable and well-conducted character.

There is a Temperance Hotel, conducted by Mrs. Hart, where also shower baths may be obtained if required.

The bathing facilities near the Mumbles are superior for quiet dips into the sea unnoticed and unseen, the coast in the vicinity abounding in little creeks that are admirably adapted for the purpose. The Mumbles Roadstead affords admirable anchorage, and a safe refuge for vessels when the wind is blowing from a westerly or south-westerly direction, from which quarter it is frequently very rough. At these times, the visitors may often see upwards of a hundred sail of ships, of various sizes, taking shelter from the gale, and waiting till its fury is past. On the quieting down of the wind, after one of these gales, on a fine evening in the summer, the scene is very lively and animated; one after another, you see the vessels hoisting their sails and dropping away, until, in the course of perhaps a couple of hours or so, the surface of the water, which was thickly crowded with ships, becomes almost forsaken, leaving only a few boats on its margin. There are generally vessels lying in the Roadstead, some of very large size, waiting, perhaps, for the high tides, to get into Swansea Harbour, or for orders to go up the Bristol Channel; others that have come from Swansea outward bound, but not quite ready to set sail. This Roadstead is of the greatest importance to the maritime interest of the

Channel, and it has been contemplated to construct a Harbour of Refuge there, and with this object, the Royal Commission on Harbours of Refuge examined the site, and took evidence relative to it in the year 1858, the which has been printed in the Report presented to Parliament. Steam Packets from Bristol, Liverpool, Glasgow, &c., regularly land passengers here, on their way to Swansea and other places in the Channel. Small boats and skiffs are obtainable by the nautically-disposed, for fishing with hook or line, or for the purpose of marine pleasure trips out into the Bay, or round the point to Langland, Caswell, &c. There is a railway, the carriages of which are drawn by horses, between Swansea and the Mumbles, reminding the older inhabitants of the "Llewellyn's Car" which ran on the tramway before a turnpike-road existed!

Omnibuses formerly ran between Swansea and the Mumbles, but were usually the source of great inconvenience and annoyance to passengers, from their want of punctuality in starting. About two years since, horse carriages were placed upon the Oystermouth Railway, which has afforded great convenience to visitors, who may always depend upon the trains starting punctually, and their being at the journey's end after a delightful ride round the bay of about three-quarters of an hour.



## WALKS AND DRIVES.

The adventurous visitor will find no lack of picturesque scenery of the most wild and beautiful description, if he will only be at the trouble to look for it. There are three or four ways of getting to Langland and Caswell Bays from the Mumbles—one, coastwise, rugged and romantic to a degree; another by the ordinary medium of an inland road, and which

has many advantages that are at once apparent; the others are intermediate and may be varied to almost any extent, with more or less of the rough or smooth as suits the pedestrian, but are not adapted for any other means of travelling. If you are a gentleman, of course it matters little which way you go: if you are a lady, young and daring, sure-footed and confident, you will go by the romantic path, and will be amply repaid by the savage grandeur of the coast and the broad expansive marine prospect beyond: but if you are careful of difficulties, and prefer a steady stroll, you will proceed by the road, and will find the scenery around you partake more of the pastoral picturesque, with its calmness and quietude, and absence of exciting incident in locomotion. The writer of the present pages at all times prefers the romantic path; and, with the reader's permission, he will now proceed to Langland Bay in that direction, returning by the pastoral, in which ramble he respectfully invites the visitor to accompany him.

Well, then: supposing ourselves to be standing near the George Hotel, at the further end of the Mumbles, we strike off up the steep acclivity known as Mumbles Hill. By dint of application and perseverance (which are powerful annihilators of difficulties) we arrive at the summit, having already several times paused to take breath and luxuriate in the enchanting scenery which at every point meets the eye as you scale the giddy height, here we take a good rest in the watch-house of the coast guard—a structure dignified by that title, but which, in reality, is the half of a boat, turned on end, and made to look official by propinquity to a flag staff used for the exposure of signals, should craft having designs upon Her Majesty's Customs present themselves in the channel. The prospect from this point is extremely beautiful; and at the hour of sundown, on a July evening, when the whole

range is mellowed into richness by a warm sky, forms a subject worthy artistic study. Vessels in the offing below lie lazily upon the placid waters, like things of beauty, Narcissus-like, admiring themselves in a glass, and gazing in rapture upon the reflection of their own loveliness: northward sweeps the shore of Swansea Bay, with its crescent-curve and flowing outline, fringed with white buildings that fleck the back-ground of hills like daisies in the spring: Swansea in the distance nestles closely to the bosom of the hills that shelter it: still further are the Port Tennant Copper Works, dressed in volumes of white smoke, which drift away from the hallowed scene before us: still further a sullen back-ground of hills that stretch inland and look like sleepy giants: still further, across the Bristol Channel, a score of miles away, the eye sweeps along the hazy and irregular outline of the Somerset and Devonshire Hills, that peer through the distance like a string of silent spectres waiting for the ferry.

Leaving the watch-house we proceed southward, with the lighthouse rock below at our left, pontooned, as it were, into the water, by the other detached rocks or island mounds that connect it with the main land. Underneath the lighthouse rock is a cave, into which you can pass at low water. Before us is Bracelet Bay—a bracelet of small creeks or bays—which is supposed to derive its name from its formation. You may get to Bracelet Bay at low water by going round instead of going over the hill on which we now stand, in this case you may also inspect the lighthouse rock, as well as the lime slide—a narrow bay or gully that divides the lighthouse promontory from Bracelet Bay—at which point the prospect is delightful. But we are now at the summit of the hill. Before us lies the broad blue expanse of ocean, studded, may be, with vessels: directly opposite, as you stand, about a

mile from the shore, is the bell-buoy—a buoy with a bell attached, whose warning voice deters the mariner from rushing into danger in the dark; while to the right, some distance off, are Langland Bay and Caswell Bay, of which more anon. In the vicinity of Bracelet Bay are some delicious little creeks for bathing, and out-of-the-way caves for romantic lovers to explore and tell their stories in, and marine snuggeries for pic-nics, and rocky promontories for contemplative young ladies and gentlemen to sit on and read novels, and delicate little shells and seed-weed for delicate little fingers to gather together for the many pretty purposes to which those alone who gather them know how to appropriate them.

Leaving Bracelet Bay and its beauties, we proceed on to the right, by a narrow path, round the hill, over a group of rugged old rocks, against the base of which the waves of the sounding sea dash with noisy acclaim as though angered at not being allowed to have their own way. To the left is the magnificent ocean: and sloping up grandly to the right is the hill, covered with furze, the sturdy barrier towering far above in sombre silence, as though listening to the sullen roar of the waters below, as they dash heart-broken against the flinty beach. The rocks upon which we walk are bleached by the action of the weather, and here and there are masses of spar that sparkle in the sun like brilliants of an inferior water. The locality is wild and romantic in the extreme. Mark the graceful spray, how it surges up to the grey-bald rocks that stand with conscious strength and keep it within bounds: how it dashes like a mad thing against the obstacle that intercepts its progress, how it foams up into a cloud of vapours some fifteen or twenty feet in the air, falling back exhausted, as it were, but to recruit its wasted strength for recurring attacks. These incessant and unwearying onslaughts

have naturally undermined the noble old rocks, in the hollow of which the turbulent waters move in muffled moanings, from which peculiar noise, it has been assumed, the Mumbles derives its name.*

## LANGLAND BAY.†

Longlands Bay, or as it is now called, Langland Bay, is situated about one mile westward of the Mumbles Hill. The want of a public road prevented Langland Bay from being visited even by Swansea inhabitants; though it has afforded to many a naturalist and sea-side student, pleasurable compensation for the fatigue its rugged approaches had caused him. This difficulty is now removed by a 30 feet wide carriage-road, made by private subscriptions, and opened to the public about five years since.

The situation of the Bay being due south, with its semi-circular hills gradually rising as a back-ground, sheltering it from the east, west, and north winds, the

* A suggestion of Mr. G. G. Francis's, that appeared some time since in the pages of the Art Journal, seems to be more probable. That gentleman says:—"'Tis well known the Romans occupied this part of the country, and, from their language, we can easily obtain a descriptive name for the two rocks which are so marked a feature in the landscape. Deprive the outer island of its modern light-house, and look at those two rounded rocks rising out of the sea, and what more like swelling breasts from out the ocean—*Mammæ*, in Latin, thence Mammals, and so by an easy process into Mummels and Mumbles." Without elaborating further, Mr. Francis draws attention to a similarly-formed rock, the *Mamelon*, a breast-like hill, on which a Russian fort was built: and we would further add in corroboration of this view, that there are *two* hills on Cape Boung Quiona, in Cochin China, called "The Mamelles;" and three hills toward the district of Savanne, in the island of Maritius, called "The Trois Mammelles." It must be borne in mind that the name "Mumbles," strictly speaking, applies *only to the outer rocks*, and not to the Village and neighbourhood, as it is commonly used in popular phraseology.

† The publishers are indebted to J. Jenkins, Esq., of Rotherslade, for this chapter.

strata being a porous soil on mountain limestone, and its crystal waves warmed by the Atlantic gulph-stream, causes its temperature to be so mild, that the snow is seldom seen on the ground; a combination of circumstances, added to the atmosphere replete with ozone, making it one of the most favorable residential spots in Great Britain for invalids, and persons predisposed to bronchial affections.

As a Bay for bathing, it surpasses all others in this district from receiving no fresh-water springs, and being free from any outset current.

The western point of the Bay is distinguished for its shell deposits, which amply repay the Conchologist, by some rare specimens found only here and in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Henry Crawshay, of Newnham, has recently become possessed of several acres of land opposite this spot, a part of which is now laid out in ornamental grounds, with a beautiful family residence built thereon.

Immediately beyond the shell deposits, extending for a mile, the lover of nature's works will be charmed by the fantastic forms of rock and cave; and if his mind be but triflingly imaginative, the effect will be to entrance him, as though he were gazing on a world in ruins, and he the only one escaped to view it. Here the great painter, Martin, would have had his conceptions of rocks rent in twain considerably heightened, for his noble picture, "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." At one spot you look into a hugh vaulted dome, of Gothic shape; at another, you enter and find yourself as it were in the hull of the Great Eastern before she was decked. Here you see huge rocks, of every imaginable form, scattered about, as though here Neptune and Hercules had fought, when Neptune's conspiracy was discovered; or that this had been the battle-spot where the Powers of Good and

Evil had held their conflict. A few steps further, here you see Hercules' night-cap, there Jupiter's thunder-bolt; here the Mermaid's cavern, there the Naiades' chamber. All who delight to gaze on the grand, terrible, or solemn in nature, should spend an hour here alone, but do not desecrate the illusive spot by the "Organic remains," nor the "Glascial fragments" of the picnic. As this region is only approachable near low water, be careful that the returning tide does not surprise you wrapt in contemplation, or exploring one of the caves, from which there is no retreat, as high water is many feet above the caves.

Returning to the Bay, the Naturalist, Botanist, and Geologist, with the Conchologist, will alike be rewarded. Here the sea-side student may tenant his Aquarium with Crustacea, Acalephæ, Polipifera, Annelida, and Algae; the Botanist, by some rare specimens of wild flowers and ferns; and the Geologist, by examples of volcanic action, which have elicited so much controversial research and learning.

Rother's Bay is an indentation at the eastern point of Langland, and from its seclusion and caves in the rocks, forms the favourite spot for bathing. This bay and the adjacent rocks take their name from the adjoining lands, the property of Mr. John Jenkins. Opposite this bay, in the channel, is a ledge of rocks called Rothers'-Sker, on which a large and peculiar flavoured oyster, called *rolers*, is gathered in large quantities at the recession of the sea during spring tides. The deposit-bed of this oyster has not yet been discovered. On these rocks, specimens of marine animal and vegetable life are obtainable, which are not found on the rocks nearer shore.

At the margin of the sands, near high water, stands the mysterious rock, called Rothers' Tor, which, it is said, utters screeches during storms, when vessels are wrecked on its coast.

The following is a graphic description given by a seaman born near Thistleboon, whom the writer met accidentally near the rock:—"There is that dreadful Rothers' Tor, just as I knew it when a child, Sir, Oftimes in bed, half-dead with fright, have I heard its strange noises and laughing yells, when the ship, caught on its lee-shore, is struggling with the roaring billows, and the brave tars on board straining every nerve of strength and skill to claw her off from the rugged shore in which she is embayed. How breathless the captain watches the occasional fluttering of the sail, as the skilful helmsman keeps her close to the wind to weather the point, which, if she does not clear, the doom of ship and crew will be sealed by one bump on those rocks. Now a mountain sea strikes the ship, making her hull shiver as though she was a clinker-built boat, burying her fore and aft in a gulph of water. After a pause of a few seconds, as though she was gathering strength for the effort, she rises and makes way, with her masts bending like whips, one accident to either of which will make so many wives widows, and so many children fatherless. Never, Sir, let your son be a sailor."—"But, my friend, may not the noises made by the Tor be the natural result of the billows striking the rock?"—"Oh, dear no, Sir! My father and grandfather both said there must be some spirit who visits the Tor in bad weather. If it is so or not, I can't say; but there is a field close by, in which the smugglers used to bury their cargoes and dead bodies, were the spirit of a smuggler is to be seen at midnight, before the owl is gone to her nest, or the cock crows, dressed in a blue pea-jacket and trowsers, with a south-wester drawn over his eyes, pacing to-and-fro, with his eye stedfastly fixed on the sea, as though he was expecting a signal from some boat. If that Tor could only speak, what dreadful deeds it might reveal."—

"But has any one seen the Rock Spirit?"—"I don't know; but its cries are always loudest when the rocks and seas are splitting into matches the sunken ships, and so loud were its horrid shrieks and laughing yells, on that awful night, ten years ago, when the Brechin Castle, from Australia, with its captain, crew, and passengers, were every soul of them engulphed, that my neighbours on the hill (I was at sea) said they heard the cries and shrieks of those on board, although the ship struck on the rocks several miles further than the Tor; which cries must have been the mockings of the evil spirit, gloating over the sacrifice of so many souls—although you learned gentlemen-philosophers won't believe it."

Leaving our sailor friend, who earnestly said his belief in ghosts, we return. Rothers-slade (or as it signifies, slide) is well worthy the attention of the scientific man, exhibiting, as it does, strong proofs of the great northern current, or drift, which has left such demonstrative proofs in our gravel deposits. Boulders, differing from any rocks found within many miles of these parts, are preserved, showing the mighty power of the agent which could thus transport such mighty masses.

The rocks at its lower extremity evince, by their almost vertical position, the force of volcanic action, in upheaving these pillars of the earth.

The sides of Rotherslade Dell were, within the memory of an intelligent inhabitant of the neighbourhood, Mr. Jno. Button, thickly wooded, the above informant, when a boy, being accustomed to put hen's eggs in the nests of the rooks, to obtain fighting cocks; the incubation under such circumstances, he asserts, invariably producing birds for cock-fighting, superior to those hatched by the mother of the egg.

On breaking up the eastern slope, the horses while ploughing, fell through the roof of a cave, which on

examination by Mr. Moggridge, is considered to be (as well as two others within a few yards) the ancient repositories or "Bonded Cellars" of the spirit merchants in the neighbourhood, who did not trouble the excise officers of Charles II. to guage their stocks, a fiscal regulation of his majesty detrimental, in their opinion, to free trade.

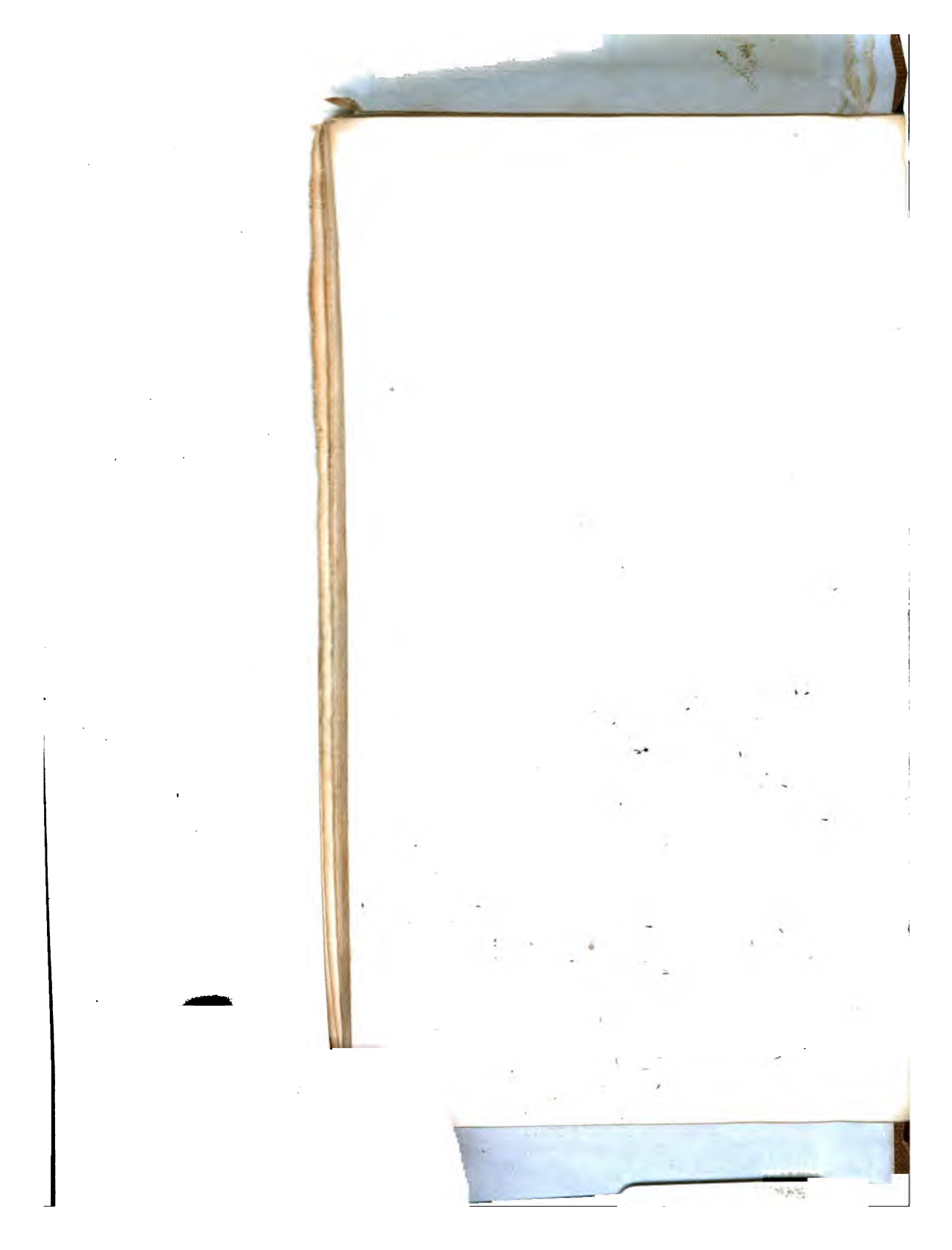
## CASWELL BAY,

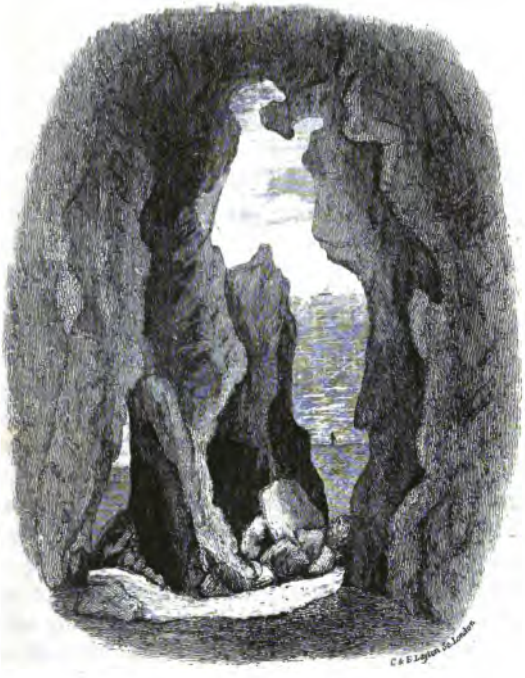
Situated a short distance further along the coast than Langland Bay. This Bay is, if possible, even a more charming retreat than Langland. The approach to Caswell Bay is best by the road that leads up from the Mumbles; but if you prefer a scramble, you may obtain access to the spot by keeping the coast, when you will have an opportunity of marking the polished rocks high above the sea, and which tell of ancient days before the land was raised to its present level. The bay is an irregular semi-circle or chain of rocks, rugged and highly picturesque, with sands of remarkable smoothness and well adapted for bathing purposes. One group of rocks forming part of the Bay, on the western side, is very striking: it is a natural cave, out of which runs a spring of fresh water, which ripples on to the sea, where it becomes absorbed. This spring is due to the effort of the Old Red Sandstone to burst through the Mountain Limestone, an effort unsuccessful here, but causing dislocations highly interesting to the Geologist.

The cave takes its name from this natural peculiarity, and is called Freshwater Cave. During the prevalence of rough weather the view of the coast in the immediate locality is especially fine. The waves roll and dash against the rocky fringe, rearing and foaming, and plunging and roaring, as though doing mortal battle for somebody or something that is not

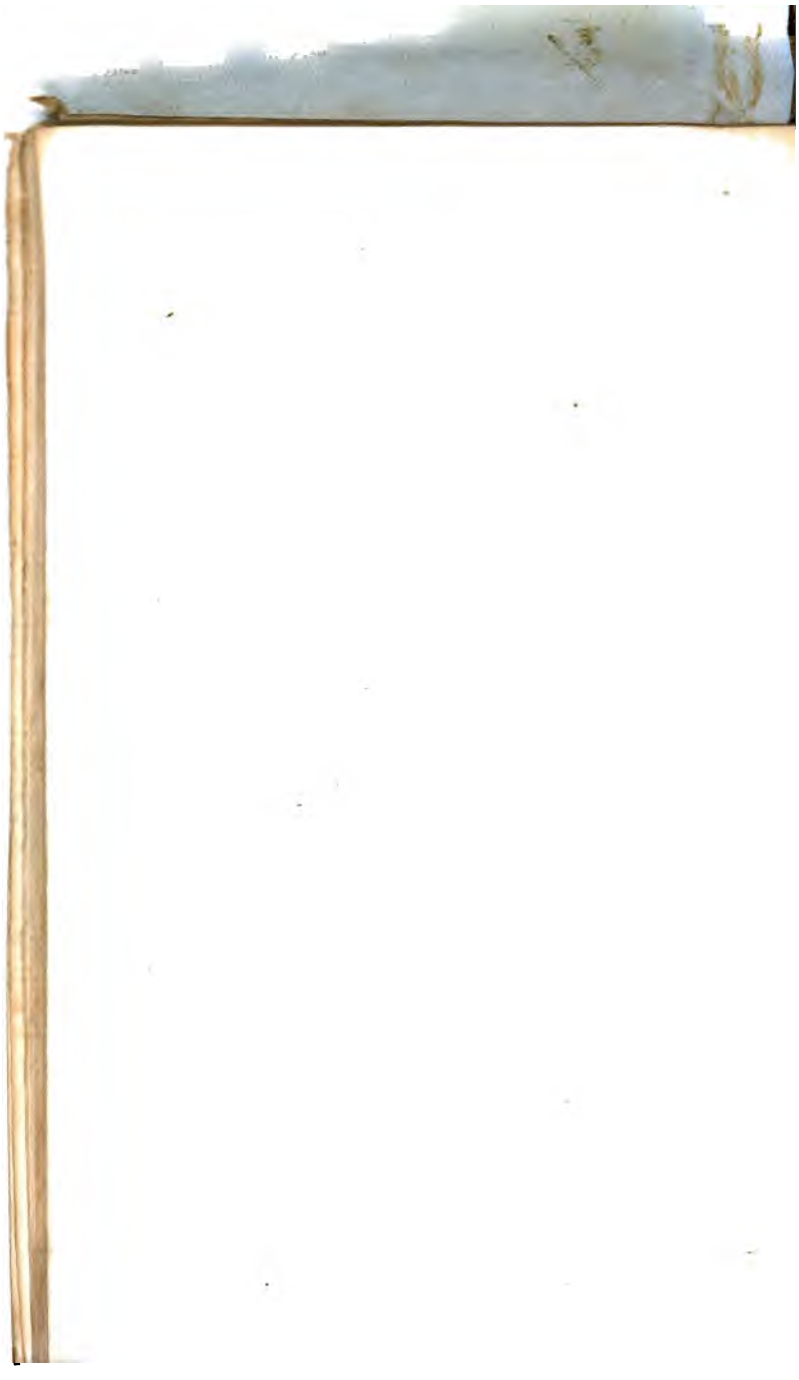



*Caswell Bay from before Fresh Water Cave.*





*Fresh Water Cave. Caswell Bay*



made very clear. In these passages, the rocks get the best of it, although their receding antagonist leaves them white and bleached with the conflict. Sheltered in the valley leading out from the Bay on the northern side is the marine residence of Mr. Dillwyn Lewellyn, pleasantly situated, and with beautiful gardens, having a southern aspect. On the slope stands Caswell Bay Hotel, a large and handsome structure, well furnished and appointed, and in which every accommodation is afforded to visitors. The present conductress of the establishment is Miss Jordan, the house having been originally built, at considerable cost, by her brother, Mr. William Jordan. It commands a delightful marine prospect southward, and offers abundant inducement to visitors who wish to reside in the vicinity during the bathing season. The Devonshire coast, some twenty-five miles distant, is plainly discernible from this point, the house being situated on an eminence. During the season, large numbers of excursionists flock hither, the neighbourhood of the Bays being crowded daily with pic-nic parties, and dancing parties, and all sorts of parties, who display their good sense by banding together for the pleasure and enjoyment of each other's society in one of the loveliest little nooks in the kingdom. Some year ago, seats were erected in various parts of the Bay for the benefit of the public, but were destroyed by the mischievously disposed. The place is naturally adapted for these little social gatherings, with its blue sparkling waters, rugged and romantic rocks, heathery and sequestered nooks, bathing facilities, balmy and refreshing breezes, bright and beautiful sea-weeds, wild flowers, and heather-scented acclivities. It is, in truth, a charming spot, and, for wild picturesque beauty, stands unrivalled among the many watering-places of the United Kingdom. Strangers should be particular to avoid bathing at

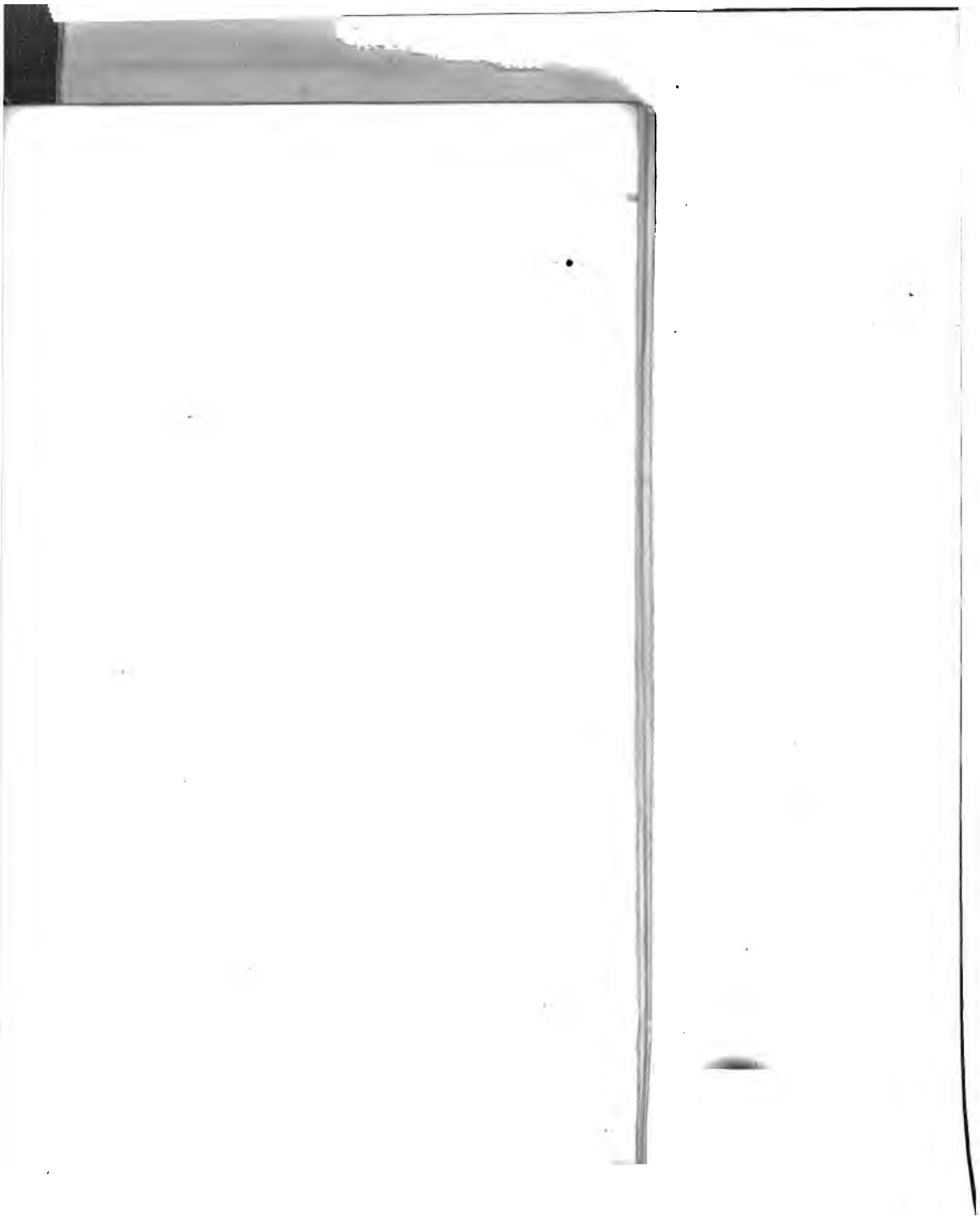
the western extremity of the Bay, the outset current being strong and at times highly dangerous.

All who have visited the neighbourhood have noticed the small plots of land: several explanations have been offered, the most recent suggestion is that which attributes the subdivision, as pieces lost by gambling, which this district of Gower formerly much indulged in. "The games in vogue were the five-card game, which is still played in Gower, or quoits: in the former, the knave is the best card, and thence 'Knave's Acre.' In Greenslade, the valley that terminates in Caswell Bay, is a field having the singular appellation of 'Jack's Shoe's Land:' here Jack staked a pair of shoes—rare articles in those days—at cards, against the field, and won. By the side of the road from Caswell to Newton, is 'Tailor's Park,' which was staked in a game of quoits, as was also a smaller piece in the middle of Thistleboon Farm."*

## RETURN.

We return to the Mumbles by the road, through a winding gorge which threads itself between two ranges of hills that shelter it on either side, and invest it with a remarkable silence and solitariness. We pass on towards Newton, a quiet and quaint little village of the olden time, along a green lane of the true English type, and emerge on the summit of Newton Hill: as we advance, the Mumbles breaks upon the view, with Oystermouth Church in the picture, the Bristol Channel in the back-ground, and a fleet of dredging-smacks in the offing, the whole forming an extremely picturesque view as we stand. To the left, on an eminence, is the residence of Miss Strick. Passing on we near the Mumbles: the new

* *Vide* Mr. Moggridge's Notes on Gower, published in the Proceedings of the late Swansea Literary and Scientific Society.





*Entrance to Bishopstone Valley*

road to Langland Bay leads up to the right by the house of Mr. J. Jenkins, Rotherslade. To the left, is the limestone Cliffs, the ruins of Oystermouth Castle, and far away in the distance, is Swansea, with its copper smoke, docks, shipping, &c. We descend the hill and join the Mumbles road by the White Rose Inn.

## BISHOPSTON VALLEY AND PWLDU.

The next object of interest that should be visited, is Bishopston Valley, and Pwldu Point and Bay. The best way to get there, is to go to Newton, the small village on the road to Caswell Bay, over Merton Common, through the village of Merton, and so to Bishopston, leaving on the right Culverhouse Meadow, heretofore held by the tenure of petty sergeantry, then "pass the Church, and descend a steep rocky lane leading into the Valley, which is almost too wild, singular, and lovely, for words to convey an idea of its strange beauty. It is as if a range of rocky mountains, varied by wooded or green grassy hills, had been made war on by an imprisoned torrent, which, bursting its fetters, had torn its way through them, rending for its passage a deep and narrow way, tearing through daisy-covered knoll and rocky barrier until it leaped into the sea: or as if a fearful earthquake had parted rock from rock and hill from hill, deep and narrow, and so winding that you ever think the way blocked up and the walk ended."* Starting then on the eastern side of the Valley, near its head, a river runs about a mile through a subterranean passage, emerges in a dark cave, passes under the path, and appears on the other side, dancing in apparent estacy at its release. Though invisible in its singular course, there is one point where it may be distinctly heard, an aperture of about two or three

* From "Our Village wants a Church."

feet in diameter, communicating from it to the surface. About a mile and a half from Bishopston we come to a rude bridge, formed of a single stone over the brook, from this we take the westward side of the Valley and pass a dingle, called Widegate, after which the pathway to Pwldu leads through a wood, with occasional glimpses of the river. Pwldu Point is considered one of the finest promontories in the whole peninsula of Gower, it is formed of limestone rock, as is the whole of the southern coast of Gower, being part of the mountain limestone-belt which surrounds the South Wales coal basin.

Turning homeward, now re-cross the stream, near its exit, by a wooden bridge, and return by way of Caswell Bay, first passing a small Bay, called Brandy Cove, a name suggestive of times gone by, (when the smuggler pursued his bold calling on these coasts), and still furnishing the purveyor of light literature with scenes and incidents from which to construct his three volume novel, or the coastguard-man with some shadow of truth for his almost incredible yarn. The visitor must not fail to visit Bishopston Valley, or he will lose one of the gems of the neighbourhood.*

The next excursion for the visitor, in this direction, will be to the singular caves on the coast, called Bacon Hole and Mitchen Hole, which have made Gower famous among geologists. From Swansea, the way to reach these caves is by going to Park Mill, and from there, taking a guide, or getting the best directions the pedestrian can meet with: but from the Mumbles, it is a far more interesting route: keep to the coast from Pwldu, ascending the hill to High Pennard, where he is only about a quarter of a mile

* The distance from the Mumbles to Bishopston, is about two and a-half miles; from Bishopston to Pwldu, about two miles; the return from Pwldu to the Mumbles, by Caswell Bay, about three miles.

distance from Bacon Hole. For full particulars of this natural curiosity, the reader must be referred to excellent papers by Dr Buckland, in the *Diluviæ Reliquianæ*, and by Mr. Starling Benson, in the Transactions of the Swansea Literary Society, in the Royal Institution Library. From these it appears that the interior of this cave, floored with stalagmite, averaging in thickness, 13 inches, has been systematically quarried and blasted for the purpose of thoroughly examining its contents. In successive layers, under the floor, were found—first, recent shells and bones of ox, red-deer, roe-buck, and fox; then, bear, ox, and deer bones; and then came bones of the gigantic mammoth, rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, bear, ox, and deer. These are deposited in the Museum of the Royal Institution, at Swansea, and are well worth a visit by any who are interested in these studies. The tusk of a mammoth found here, is two feet round, and five feet five inches long! A little further on is Mitchin Hole, which is larger than Bacon Hole, more lofty and more beautiful.

Having proceeded thus far, we should recommend the excursionist to bend his steps towards Park Mill, which also forms a centre of considerable picturesque beauty, there being many natural attractions and relics of antiquity within easy distance. At the Gower Inn, an exceedingly well-conducted hostelrie, visitors will find every accommodation, convenience, and attention, with moderate charges. In the summer season the house is often very full, and the excursionist will do well to communicate with Mr. Webb the landlord, before setting out, particularly if he purposes staying the night. Oxwich Bay is within two miles of the Gower Inn, it has an extensive sweep, and is surrounded by sand-hills swarming with rabbits; on the eastern side, towards Pennard, is some fine rock scenery. The Green Combe, a woodland scene two

miles long, of singular beauty, affords a pleasant walk from the Inn. At Langrove Farm, and the Court House, one mile from the Inn, are traces of Flemish architecture, the latter supposed to have been a Flemish Court of Justice. Penrice Castle, Penrice Church, and Oxwich Castle, all of them objects of interest to the antiquary, or the lover of picturesque beauty, are within easy range.

Farther down the coast, beyond Oxwich Point, are two more caves, remarkable for animal remains found in them; and also a quantity of human relics, in the shape of bones, articles of ornament, coins, &c. The coins were of the reign of Constantius. A description of these caves is given in Dr. Buckland's *Diluviæ Reliquianæ*, but they are not very easy of access.

There is a pleasant walk to the village of Sketty, which lies about mid-way, on the hill-side, between the Mumbles and Swansea, a short distance from the road, to the left. A very handsome Gothic Church has been built and endowed by the Vivian family, with schools in connection therewith; there is also some very picturesque scenery about, views of which may be obtained from the acclivities overlooking Swansea Bay. Near Sketty is Singleton, the residence of Mrs. Vivian, relict of the late J. H. Vivian, Esq., for many years Member for the Borough of Swansea. Singleton, as a place of residence, is one of the most perfect structures of the late Gothic style in the kingdom. The situation of the house, which replaced a residence called Marino, is rather low; but the grounds afford enchanting prospects. The pleasure gardens are extensive, and laid out with remarkable taste and judgment. A series of imitative fonts are placed about the mansion, and serve the purpose of flower-pots. In the house, which is most elegantly fitted up, is a very fine portrait of Sir Hussey, afterwards Lord Vivian, who was eldest brother of the




*Dowrich Point.*



munificent owner of Singleton; and pictures that illustrate stirring passages in his military career. There are ten or twelve lodges in Singleton Grounds, one of which is a fac-simile of a celebrated Swiss cottage; another of an American log-hut. Several other family residences of the gentry of the neighbourhood are erected near Sketty, among them being: Parkwern, the residence of Henry Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P. for the County of Glamorgan, and owner of large copper-smelting and other works in the neighbourhood; Hendrefoilan, the residence of L. Ll. Dillwyn, Esq., M.P. for the Borough of Swansea; Bryn Newydd, the residence of Arthur Jones, Esq., Chief Clerk to the House of Commons; and the noble mansions of Sketty Park and Sketty Hall; the former the residence of Sir John Armine Morris, Bart., the latter of Mrs. Dillwyn. The best route for the tourist or visitor will be, to take the Swansea train at the Mumbles, proceed as far as Sketty Road Station; visit Singleton House and Grounds; and then go on to Sketty Church and Village; after which, return by way of Lower Sketty and Sketty Green, keeping down the lane until you get back into the Mumbles road, or else proceed along the Sketty road to Swansea, and return to the Mumbles either on foot, by train, or other conveyance. In returning along the Mumbles road, with the magnificent Bay on the left, the visitor may be made aware that the sea has made great encroachments on this part of Swansea Bay; and it is said by some that a large wood, called Bryn's Wood, near Singleton Lodge, which is mentioned in some ancient records now preserved in the Corporation chest at Swansea, has been destroyed by the sea; evident vestages thereof are now to be seen, such as large pieces of roots of trees, and the sands being intermixed with a black peat and muddy substance. A

line of weirs is erected on these sands, at low-water mark, and quantities of fish caught in them are taken to Swansea.

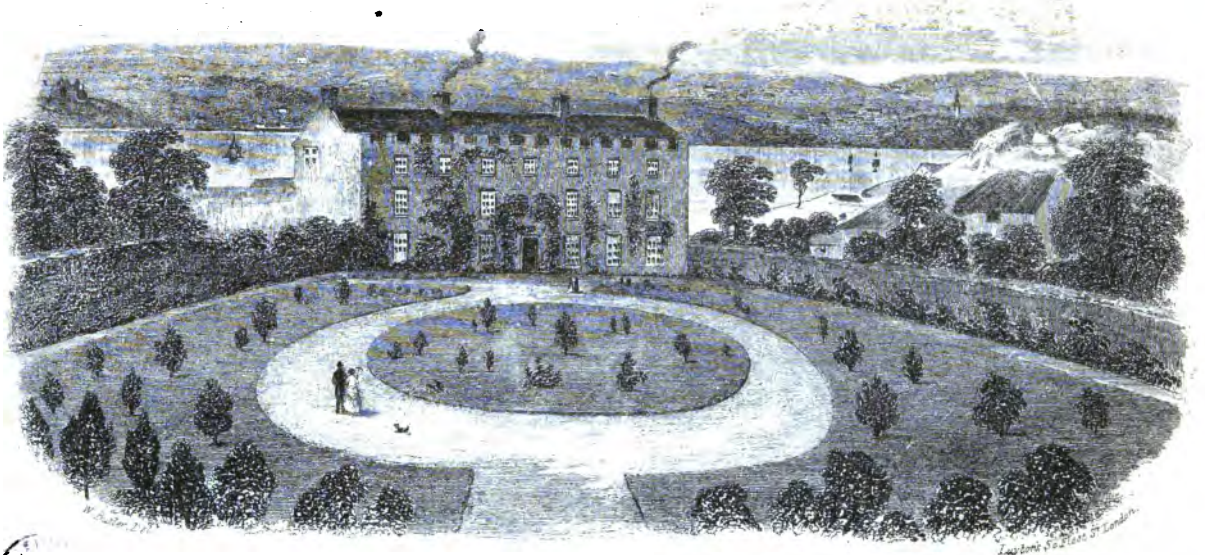
Should the visitor wish to diversify his visit, he will do well to spend a day or two in Swansea. The town has risen with a rapidity unequalled in the history of the Principality, from a comparatively insignificant place, to a degree of commercial and manufacturing importance, which well entitles it to be considered the metropolis of South Wales. For its advancement, this place is not less indebted to the mineral treasures abounding in its neighbourhood, than to its highly advantageous maritime situation. The vast stores of coal, stone-coal, and culm, iron-stone, lime-stone, rotten-stone, flags, fire-clay, and other mineral productions, throughout the district, combined with its local facilities of intercourse by sea, has led to the establishment of copper-smelting, which is conducted with such complete success, that Swansea has become the principle seat of the copper trade in Great Britain. Some idea of the extent of this trade may be formed from the fact, that upwards of a million and a half of money is annually paid for copper ores alone. Various other works and manufactories are also established in the neighbourhood, and will be objects of interest to the visitor.

Swansea Castle, built by Bishop Gower, in 1333, and the Parish Church of St. Mary, will both well repay a visit. The Church was partly re-built in 1739, when the nave of the old Church fell down. In the chancel is a very fine brass, inserted in the wall, "To the memory of Sir Hugh Johnys and Dame Mawde his wyfe." Sir Hugh was deputy Knight Marshall of England in the fifteenth century, and aspired to the hand of Elizabeth Woodville, afterwards Queen of Edward IV. A very interesting altar tomb stands in

the Herbert Chapel in Swansea Church, on which are to be seen the effigies of Sir Matthew Cradock and the Lady Catherine, his wife, the widow of the famous Perkin Warbeck, and another to the last of the Hobys, who lived in Neath Abbey. The first Swansea Castle was erected in 1113, by Henry de Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, the conqueror of the Lordship of Gower. The present structure, the work of De Gower, is distinguished by a very elegant open parapet of arches, of which there are, as far as we are aware, only two other examples—the Episcopal Palace at St. David's, and Lamphey Court in Pembrokeshire. The Castle is worth visiting; but it is unfortunately, so much concealed with houses, that it is only visible at particular points. The Royal Institution of South Wales, a Literary and Philosophical Institution, established in the year 1835, will also repay a visit. In the Museum, in connection therewith, are many specimens from Paviland and other bone caverns of Gower; and a variety of Roman antiquities, including a stone found near Pyle, in 1832, with the following inscription :—Imp.' M. C., Piavonnio. Victorino. Aug." A fine collection of ancient and modern coins, an interesting series of seals relating to Wales, and extensive series of Natural History and Mineralogy adorn the cabinets, and attract the attention of the curious and the learned. Neither should we overlook the valuable Library, in which may be consulted works in all departments of Literature, but more especially that of "Wales," for which it is remarkable.* There are other objects of interest in the locality, which are worthy inspection.

* Tickets of Admission for visitors to the Institution may be obtained, free of charge, on application to Messrs. PEARSE and BROWN, Booksellers and Stationers, Wind-street, Swansea.





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